Goe packe with him, and giue the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumſtance of all,
And how by this their childe ſhall be aduaunſt,
And be receiued for the Emperours heyre,
And ſubſtituted in the place of mine,
To calme this tempeſt whirling in the Court,
And let the Emperour dandle him for his owne.
Harke ye Lords, ye ſee I haue giuen her phiſick,
And you muſt needes beſtow her funerall,
The fields are neere, and you are gallant Groomes:
This done, ſee that you take no longer daies
But ſend the Midwife preſently to me.
The Midwife and the Nurſe well made away,
Then let the Ladies tattle what they pleaſe.
Chiron. Aron I ſee thou wilt not truſt the ayre with ſecrets.
Deme. For this care of *Tamora*,
Herſelfe and hers are highly bound to thee. *Exeunt*
Aron. Now to the Gothes, as ſwift as ſwallow flies.
There to diſpoſe this treaſure in mine armes,
And ſecretly to greete the Empreſſe friends:
Come on you thick-lipt-ſlaue, Ile beare you hence,
For it is you that puts vs to our ſhifts:
Ile make you feed on berries, and on rootes,
And feede on curds and whay, and ſucke the Goate,
And cabbin in a Caue, and bring you vp
To be a warriour, and commaund a Campe. *Exit.*

Enter Titus, *old* Marcus, *young* Lucius, *and other gentlemen with bowes, and* Titus *beares the arrowes with Letters on the ends of them.*

Titus. Come *Marcus*, come, kinſmen this is the way,
Sir boy let me ſee your archerie,
Looke yee draw home enough and tis there ſtraight,

Terras

Terras Aſtrea reliquit, be you remembred *Marcus*.
Shees gone, ſhees fled, ſirs take you to your tooles,
You Coſens ſhall goe ſound the Ocean,
And caſt your nets, happily you may finde her in the ſea,
Yet theres as little iuſtice as at Land:
No *Publius* and *Sempronius*, you muſt doe it,
Tis you muſt dig with mattocke, and with ſpade,
And pierce the inmoſt center of the earth,
Then when you come to *Plutoes* Region,
I pray you deliuer him this petition,
Tell him it is for iuſtice and for aide,
And that it comes from old *Andronicus*,
Shaken with ſorrowes in vngratefull Rome.
Ah Rome, well, well, I made thee miſerable,
What time I threw the peoples ſuffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize ore me.
Goe get you gone, and pray be carefull all,
And leaue you not a man of warre vnſearcht,
This wicked Emperour may haue ſhipt her hence,
And kinſmen then we may goe pipe for iuſtice,
Marc. O *Publius* is not this a heauie caſe
To ſee thy noble Vncle thus diſtract?
Publi. Therefore my Lords it highly vs concernes,
By day and night t'attend him carefully:
And feede his humour kindely as we may,
Till time beget ſome carefull remedie.
Marcus. Kinſmen, his ſorrowes are paſt remedie.
Ioyne with the Gothes, and with reuengefull warre,
Take wreake on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traytor *Saturnine*.
Titus. Publius how now, how now my Maiſters,
What haue you met with her?
Publi. No my good Lord, but *Pluto* ſends you word,
If you will haue reuenge from hell you ſhall,

Marrie